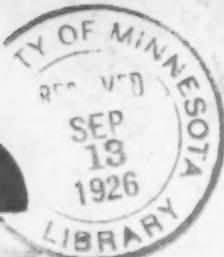


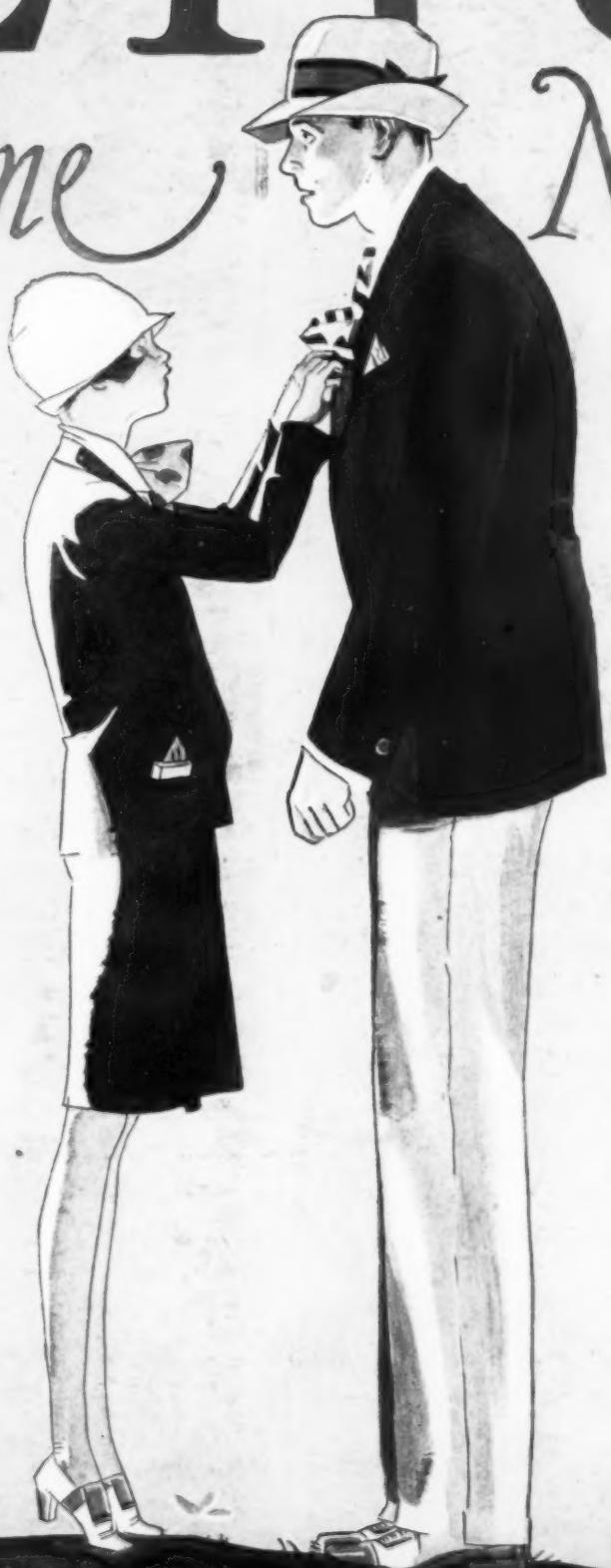
Life

AUGUST 19, 1926



PRICE 15 CENTS

Feminine Number



*"You need
some one
to look
after you!"*

CARRE PRICE



Identify the aristocrat
of pens by this
white dot

The "flower of pendum" must last for a lifetime

It is not guaranteed merely against manufacturing defects. It is *positively* and *insistently* guaranteed for a lifetime. If ever it ceases to perform its functions properly its makers will repair it without charge. The integrity of a great company stands squarely behind this remarkable Lifetime* fountain pen—built of either black or green Radite, a practically indestructible new jewel-like material. The aristocrat of pens always can be identified by the little white dot. A sure investment in beauty and efficiency.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50—pencil, \$4.25

Blue Label Leads—fifteen cents

At better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DONALD
DENTON

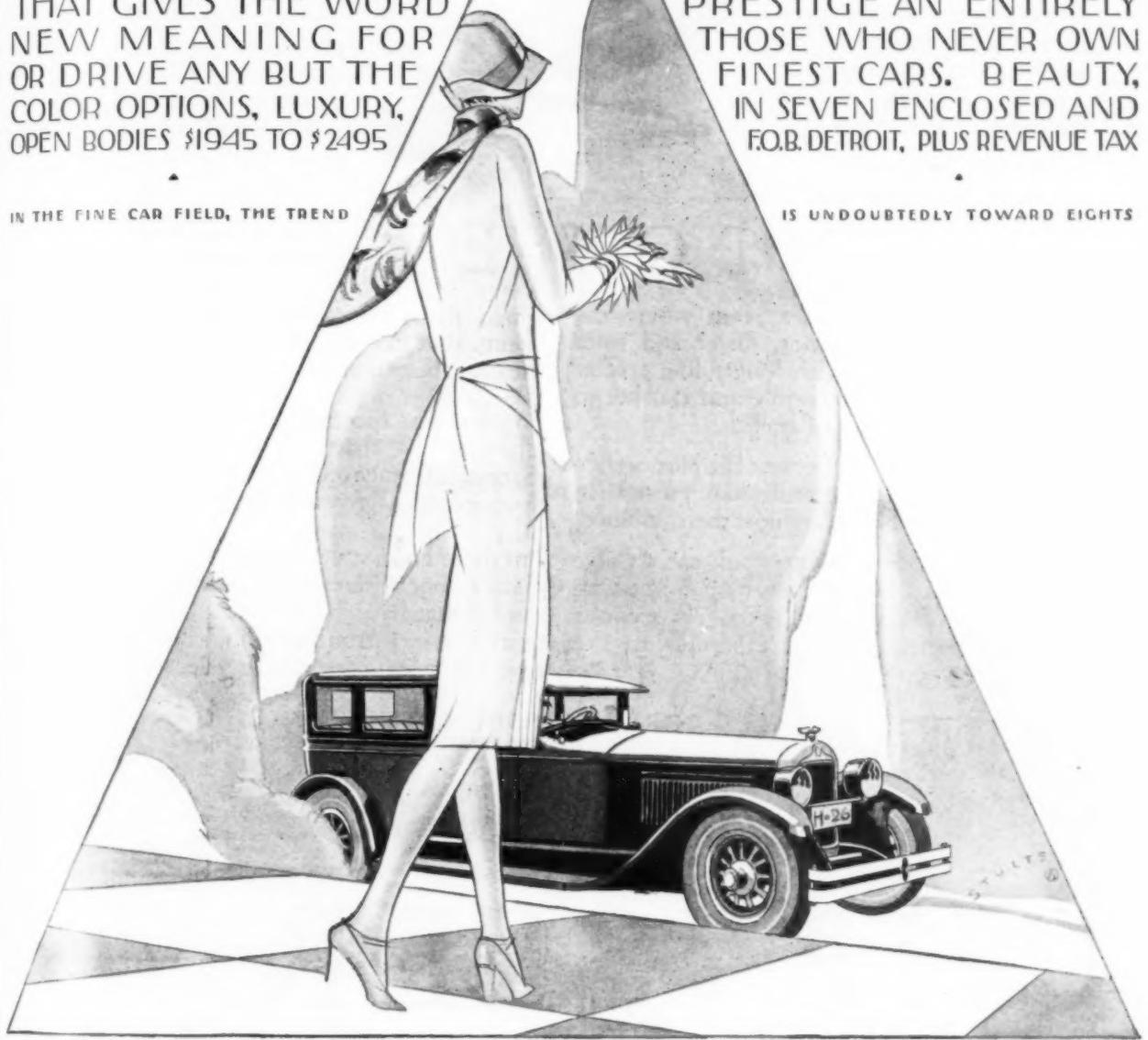
THE NEWEST VOGUE AMONG FINE CARS

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EVER BUILT. NO FINER PRICE. A PERFECTION THAT GIVES THE WORD NEW MEANING FOR OR DRIVE ANY BUT THE COLOR OPTIONS, LUXURY, OPEN BODIES \$1945 TO \$2495

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND

CAR HUPMOBILE HAS PERFORMANCE AT ANY OF THE STRAIGHT-EIGHT PRESTIGE AND ENTIRELY THOSE WHO NEVER OWN FINEST CARS. BEAUTY, IN SEVEN ENCLOSED AND F.O.B. DETROIT, PLUS REVENUE TAX

IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS



THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE
EIGHT



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CHRYSLER "70" Pioneer of a New Order

Before the advent of the Chrysler "70" two and a half years ago the better cars were on a fairly even footing with practically nothing but price to set one apart from the other.

At that time Walter P. Chrysler sensed the general public dissatisfaction with existing car performance.

He recognized that motoring needs had developed to a point where the public demanded superior, faster and safer transportation; a car with longer life; greater comfort, more easy to handle and quicker to accelerate in the maze of traffic.

Thus the Chrysler "70" became the pioneer of a new order of motoring and today more than ever emphasizes the leadership it then assumed.

For Chrysler was the first stock car to give a speed of 70 miles and more per hour, an acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in $7\frac{1}{4}$ seconds and gasoline economy of 20 miles to the gallon with such performance.



POWER

Other advanced features were a motor with a seven-bearing crank-shaft in that price class; oil-filter, air-cleaner, an exclusive spring mounting eliminating side sway even at highest speeds, and self-equalizing hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

Coupled with these unheard of mechanical perfections was a newness of design which provided comfort and roadability; a beauty that immediately won the approval of the most discriminating.

So great was the manifest superiority of the Chrysler "70" that it immediately exercised a marked influence on the entire industry—an influence that has grown with each passing month.

But there has not yet appeared a single car, no matter what its outward resemblance to Chrysler, or that has adopted some of the features that Chrysler introduced, which does the things that Chrysler does as Chrysler does them.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NEW CHRYSLER "70" PRICES

Coach, \$1395; Roadster, \$1525; Royal Coupe, \$1695; Brougham, \$1745; Sedan, \$1545; Royal Sedan, \$1795; Crown Sedan, \$1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

CHRYSLER 70



Life

The Emancipated Woman

HER hair is cropped most boyishly,
She drinks and smokes and swears,
She's positively wild to be
Like men, with masculine airs.
To move in man's restricted walk
Is her determined goal,
But still she spills this kind of talk:
"My dear, Mrs. Wufsingworthy told this to me yes-
terday in strictest confidence and I want you to
promise never to breathe it to a living soul!"

There's not a place she doesn't mix;
The whole world is her sphere;
To Music, Art, and Politics
She lends an avid ear.
She is man's equal, not his pet...
But catch her off her guard,
And this is what you'll surely get:
"Oh, Gloria, I saw the most ravishing flowered chiffon
for curtains and pillows down at Wanamaker's this
afternoon, and only eighty-five cents a yard!"

Simonetta.

They Still Keep Us Guessing

A YOUTH wearing a smart panama hat and plus-four knickers stepped into a haberdasher's shop and asked to see some collars.

"What style?" asked the salesman briskly. "We have Devon, Altro, Severn—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the youth. "Haven't you any nicer names?"

"Well—er—let me show you some underwear."

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I wear my sister's."

"Shirts?" asked the salesman weakly.

"I wear my brother's."

"But socks? For the love of God—socks!"

"No," the other murmured. "I knit them myself."

Just then, fortunately for the salesman's sanity, another youth popped his head in the doorway and cried: "Hurry up, Gwendolyn, or we'll miss the train."

Arthur Vernick.

Carrying On

BANDIT'S WIFE (*sobbing*): Jim, my boy, your poor father is in jail.

BANDIT'S SON: Never mind, Ma, I'll stick up for him.



When Men Were Men

King Solomon: SO LONG, GIRLS—SEE YOU TO-MORROW NIGHT, SAME PLACE—AND BY THE WAY—
SEE IF YOU CAN DIG UP A COUPLE HUNDRED MORE, AND I'LL BRING A FRIEND ALONG.

Life

The Voices of Authority

SCENE: A Beauty Parlor Across the Styx

HELEN OF TROY (*to the manicurist*): Not quite so high a polish this time. (*To the other patrons.*) As I was saying of men, nothing flatters them so much as a multitude of rivals. A woman can get anything she wants from a man if only she asks another man for it.

CLEOPATRA: I agree with you, my dear; but there is something to be said, also, for allowing oneself to be persuaded to do what one is dying to do. You know what I mean, my dears; the smouldering - fire attitude that wants only fanning to burst into flames. Of course, if the fans are weighted with jewels, they stir a brisker breeze.

(*There is a pause.*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Go on, girls. Your discussion is highly diverting, as an abstract matter. I have heard love spoken of very favorably, in my own time, by competent practitioners.

(*The manicure girl snickers.*)

DIANA: Men love the hunt, but one must make allowances for their age. In youth, the chase does not tire them so soon. As they grow older, it is advisable for the quarry to note the pursuer's physical condition, or he may escape when she isn't watching. There are limits, of course, to being chased. Either spelling, my dears.

LADY HAMILTON: The setting helps. In England, only poets and painters can be romantic, what with fog and rain, but transfer the scene to the languorous background of the Mediterranean and even diplomats have been known to speak plainly.

(*Catherine the Great enters.*)

CATHERINE: What's new?

HELEN: Love! Men!

CATHERINE: Well, that is new!

CLEOPATRA: We're discussing methods.

CATHERINE: And madnesses, I suppose.

LADY HAMILTON: Only incidental madnesses, your majesty. Perhaps



The Flapper's Child: AND GOD BLESS DADDY AND MUMMY—IF YOU CAN TELL 'EM APART.

you can tell us what methods you believe most successful with men.

CATHERINE: The thing is simple. Catch 'em young; treat 'em rough; tell 'em nothing. And now for a mud pack; I hear Charon will be in with another boatload to-day.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Dat Gay Davil Sea

"AVAST, men!" bellowed the tarry old sea-dog. "Give us a lusty song of the splashing brine."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the chanteyman, pulling at his forelock. "Are ye ready, bullies? . . .

'Hawsers, hawsers, hawsers,

Goofy over hawsers, hawsers, haw—"

P. S. He "got" the gob.

NOW YOU
TELL ONE

SHE hung
her head and
blushed.

IN the Army, men present arms; in the drawing - room, women present legs.



YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD GIRL DOWN

Publicity

WHEN from his steed the Prince of Wales is hurled Before the eyes of all the gaping world, How soon to England's hopeful heir is known "The fierce white light that beats about the thrown!"

Arthur Guiterman.

ISN'T it queer that two million parents can bring up one million children a million different ways and still have them human?



THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE OFFICE FORCE ATTEMPT TO DRESS UP TO THE STENOGRAPHER.

The First

IT must have been the ether. Why, never before had he seen such a creature! It was beautiful, divine. It delighted and tantalized him; it dazzled and incited him.... Well, if this be ether, make the most of it: give him more of it, more and more of it! He'd take two operations like this a day.... Two? He'd take three, four, five, six. They could operate on him indefinitely, if they could keep this vision before his eyes. Yes, sir, most decidedly!....

"It's over now," he heard a voice say.

Nurses with wings flapped by his side, soothing him.

But it couldn't be over. Still the Vision was there. The excited patient began to rave:

"Don't wake me up—please don't wake me! Or you'll destroy it, honestly you will! More ether, more!"

A white-robed angel placed cool hands on his brow.

"Take it easily, now, or you will make yourself worse. It will be bad enough anyway, I tell you."

"Bad enough!" he repeated rapturously. "Could anything be so

good? But what is it, nurse?" he implored, looking this time with incredulous eye on the Wonderful Thing. "If it be at all, what on earth is it?"

"It's a girl," said the angel, and instantly flew to the office, where she wrote into the record:

"Day 6—ADAM—1 rib removed. Patient doing well, but high fever."

Cyril B. Egan.

Rejuvenated

SHE: So you don't remember me?

HE: My dear girl, I do and I don't. You are—

SHE: Mollie Jones. Now don't—

HE: How stupid of me, and yet there is something different.

SHE: Oh, I've had my knees lifted since I saw you last.

THE modern girl is now in the "hey! hey!" day of her youth.



"WHAT IS HIS INCOME?"

"WHAT DOES IT MATTER, DAD, AS LONG AS WE LOVE EACH OTHER, AND IT IS FIFTY THOUSAND A YEAR?"

Life

The External Feminine

If a woman smiles, she is either
Conscious of the superior style of her frock,
Not quite sure that they'll cash her check, or
Wondering about that good-looking man over there.

If a woman frowns, she is either
Thinking of the neighbors' Rolls-Royce,
Uncertain of the wisdom of a boyish bob, or
Sure that her maid has been using her cosmetics.

If a woman laughs, she is either
Recalling the way that woman looked at tea,
Picturing her husband still waiting for her an hour
after the time for their appointment, or
Noticing a run in a social rival's stocking.

If a woman cries, she is either
Bringing her husband to time for making a fuss
over the bills,
Trying to get a trip to Europe, or
Thoroughly enjoying a movie.

John C. Emery.



"ARE YOU BEING WAITED ON, MONSIEUR?"
"NO—I'M JUST LOOKING, THANKS."

Life



Lines

ACCORDING to the Sunday rotogravure sections, the professional football season has opened auspiciously. RED GRANGE has been snapped carrying his annual cake of ice.

"The enormous sums spent in the Senatorial primaries should suggest to the voters the necessity of doing something," runs a recent editorial. They probably will suggest to some of them the necessity of getting together and raising prices.

Desk motto for the political campaign manager: Now is the time for all rich men to come to the aid of their party.

"America's annual golf bill is \$468,000,000," says WILLIAM HENRY BEERS in a New York Times article. It would be interesting to discover what proportion of this amount is spent in getting out of the nineteenth hole.

"DISCOURAGED student wishes sell E flat saxophone; best offer; cost \$105; little used." —New York Telegram.

So there is some hope for civilization, after all!

The United States will not permit the shipment of guns to Mexico during the present crisis—and rightly. We must do nothing to injure the success of our own crime wave.

"A chicken thief was reported active in Mount Carmel Wednesday night and at the Bennett J. Dickerman property a score of fine chickens were taken from the poultry house. The matter was reported at police headquarters and is being investigated.

"A chicken pie supper will be served by the Ladies Aid society of Grace P. E. church in the parish house in Centerville on Thursday, at 6 o'clock." —New Haven Journal-Courier.

However, it's all for a good cause.

The life of the average man will soon be extended to one hundred years, a physician predicts, but not if the gangsters, taxicab drivers and bootleg liquor vendors see him first.

"J. C. KEENER TO BUILD
ROME ON WOODBINE AVE."
—Heading in Knoxville (Tenn.) Sentinel.

And with that characteristic American initiative and energy he'll probably succeed in doing it in a day, too.

If Women Shopped as Men Do

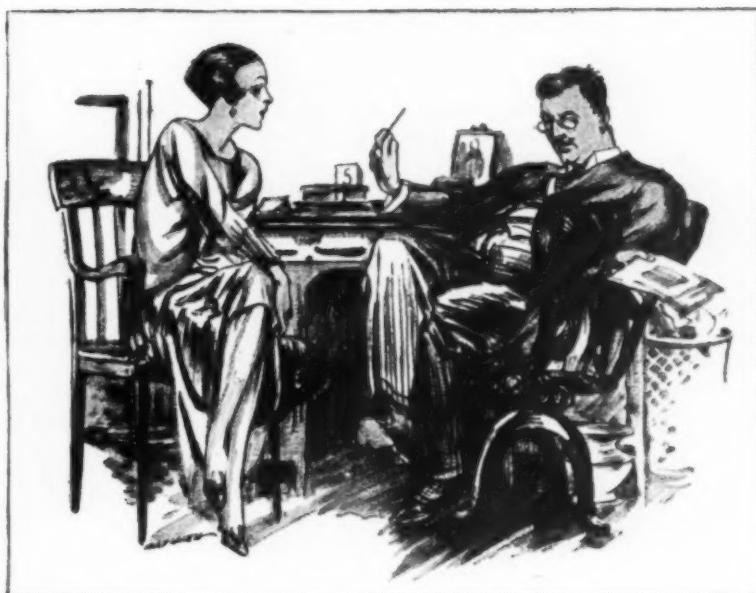
SCENE: At the Rouge Counter

"Oh, no, that will not do at all. Yes, the color is right but the price isn't, and furthermore, I want a compact that *is* a compact. I don't want that flimsy thing."

"Haven't you a compact made by the American Amalgamated Compact-Can Company, Incorporated, of Akron? No? Well, this certainly is one helluva store...nothing in it but 'just as good' merchandise.... Oh, where's your general manager? I don't want to waste my time talking to a damn parrot!..."

"Oh, ho, so you're the manager, eh? Rotten store you've got here. Can't buy anything a girl's ever heard of before. No system at all.

"Now, I wanted a Cootchies Compact and that dumb clerk of yours told me they aren't made. Oh, ummm—well, why didn't she say they weren't made *any more*? Yes, yes, I see. Yes, no easy job to train new clerks. Well, now, this make you've just shown me...better than the Cootchies brand, you say? Has the new guaranteed Samson Never-Fail Hinge and is good for twelve months or money back, eh? Not so bad. Any discount by the gross? Really! Five per cent. for cash as



Employer: YOU TYPE WELL, BUT ARE YOU FORGETFUL?

Applicant: WHEN YOU WISH.

well? Hmm—er, ah...tell you what, I'll take one now. Want to try it out before putting in a large stock right away....

"Say, weren't you of '24 at Vassar? Well, can you beat that! You old bum....Atta girl, shake!"

R. B. Browne.

POVERTY brings out the best in a man, usually by the roots.

Winning Colors

WILLIS: What do they mean by the "eternal war between blondes and brunettes"?

GILLIS: Chemical warfare.

BE it ever so humble, there is no parking place like your own garage.



He: GREAT HEAVENS, THE BRAKES HAVE FAILED!

The Back-Seat Driver: WELL, THEN, YOU DARN FOOL, STOP THE CAR!

A Visit to the Shirt Hospital

THE little silk shirt I was calling to see had had her name taken off the danger list, and was doing as well as could be expected. I was not permitted in to see her, as the doctor was removing the stitches.

Miss Cleeks, the head nurse, invited me on a tour of inspection, and I quickly accepted, as this was my first visit to a shirt hospital.

In the orthopedic ward was the cutest little blonde shirt, and I could see from the way her bosom heaved that she was very much upset about something. Miss Cleeks went over and petted her, and she quieted right down. I felt so sorry for her. One of her arms was a 32 and the other a 35.

Then there was flannel shirt. I was told he was a bit of a bully, and was most irritable when he first arrived. He would cuff any of the shirts that did not agree with him. They soon ironed that trait out of him.

Night shirt was just a regular fellow, a bit senile, but full of fun. He had a fund of humorous stories, but Miss Cleeks told me some were a bit risqué, and perhaps it would be just as well to go before he became reminiscent.

Dress shirt had a private room with a special nurse. He was very much of a snob. When he first arrived he started in to run the hospital his way, but they soon took some of the starch out of him.

We next visited the babies' ward, and I met little, old-fashioned, quaint Dickie. Miss Cleeks told me he was in frightful shape when they brought him to the shirt hospital, but that good care, warm water and lots of pure soap had certainly worked wonders.



"MOTHER LIKES YOU, BUT PAPA DOES NOT; BUT DON'T WORRY—
THEY ARE TO SEPARATE, AND MOTHER'LL BE THE ONE WHO WILL
LIVE WITH US."



Relief

*Agent: LADY, I'M SELLING—
Housewife: WHAT A SCARE YOU GAVE ME! I THOUGHT
YOU WERE COLLECTING.*

Dickie was a foundling, having been left in an ash barrel in front of the Waiters' Club.

On my way out of the hospital I was taken into the convalescent ward, where the shirts certainly have a swell time. Over in one corner there was a big stud game going on.

Deciding that I had seen enough, I asked Miss Cleeks how I could leave the hospital.

She pointed to a convalescent collar, who had suffered abrasions in a laundry but who was now being given a clean bill of health.

"Just follow the Arrow," she told me, sweetly.

Charles W. MacGregor.

Tabloid Erudition

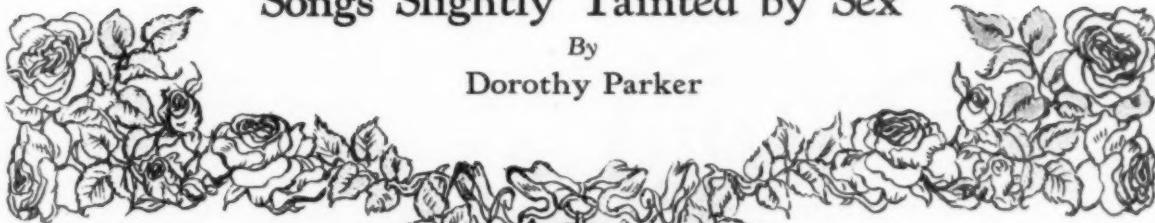
MOTHER: Well, good-by, dear; I'm going to a meeting of our Browning Club.

SOPHISTICATED SUB-DEB: Gee whiz, Mother, is that bird starting another one already?

AND, while we think of it, what ever became of those old-fashioned undergarments that used to be known as "unmentionables"?

Songs Slightly Tainted by Sex

By
Dorothy Parker



Symptom Recital

I DO not like my state of mind;
I'm bitter, querulous, unkind.
I hate my legs, I hate my hands;
I do not yearn for lovelier lands.
I dread the dawn's recurrent light;
I hate to go to bed at night.
I snoot at simple, earnest folk.
I cannot take the gentlest joke.
I find no peace in paint or type.
My world is but a lot of tripe.
I'm disillusioned, empty-breasted.
For what I think, I'd be arrested.
I am not sick, I am not well.
My quondam dreams are shot to hell.
My soul is crushed, my spirit sore;
I do not like me any more.
I cavil, quarrel, grumble, grouse.
I ponder on the narrow house.
I shudder at the thought of men. . . .
I'm due to fall in love again.

Song of One of the Girls

HERE in my heart I am Helen;
I'm Aspasia and Hero, at least.
I'm Judith, and Jael, and Madame de Staél;
I'm Salomé, moon of the East.

Here in my soul I am Sappho;
Lady Hamilton am I, as well.
In me Récamier vies with Kitty O'Shea,
With Dido, and Eve, and poor Nell.

I'm of the glamourous ladies
At whose beckoning history shook.
But you are a man, and see only my pan,
So I stay at home with a book.

Men

THEY hail you as their morning star
Because you are the way you are.
If you return the sentiment,
They'll try to make you different;
And once they have you, safe and sound,
They want to change you all around.
Your moods and ways they put a curse on;
They'd make of you another person.
They cannot let you go your gait;
They influence and educate.
They'd alter all that they admired.
They make me sick, they make me tired.



Verse Reporting Late Arrival at a Conclusion

CONSIDER a lady gone reckless in love,
In novels and plays:
You watch her proceed in a drapery of
A roseate haze.
Acclaimed as a riot, a wow, and a scream,
She flies with her beau to les Alpes Maritimes,
And moves in a mist of a mutual dream
The rest of her days.

In life, if you'll listen to one who has been
Observant of such,
A lady in love is more frequently in
Decidedly Dutch.
The thorn, so to say, is revealed by the rose.
The best that she gets is a sock in the nose.
These authors and playwrights, I'm forced to
suppose,
Don't get around much.



The Burned Child

LOVE has had his way with me.
This my heart is torn and maimed
Since he took his play with me.
Cruel well the bow-boy aimed,

Shot, and saw the feathered shaft
Dripping bright and bitter red.
He that shrugged his wings and laughed—
Better had he left me dead.

Sweet, why do you plead me, then,
Who have bled so sore of that?
Could I bear it once again? . . .
Drop a hat, dear, drop a hat!

For an Unknown Lady

LADY, if you'd slumber sound,
Keep your eyes upon the ground.
If you'd toss and turn at night,
Slip your glances left and right.
Would the mornings find you gay,
Never give your heart away.
Would they find you pale and sad,
Fling it to a whistling lad.
Ah, but when his pleadings burn,
Will you let my words return?
Will you lock your pretty lips,
And deny your finger-tips,
Veil away your tender eyes,
Just because some words were wise?
If he whistles low and clear
When the insistent moon is near
And the secret stars are known,—
Will your heart be still your own
Just because some words were true? . . .
Lady, I was told them, too!

General Review of the Sex Situation

WOMAN wants monogamy;
Man delights in novelty.
Love is woman's moon and sun;
Man has other forms of fun.
Woman lives but in her lord;
Count to ten, and man is bored.
With this the gist and sum of it,
What earthly good can come of it?

Life



Loos Talk

"I'VE DECIDED MY FEELING FOR YOU IS PATERNAL."
"OH, DADDY—WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"



"THE VANITY OF THESE WOMEN IS SIMPLY APPALING."
"YEAH—THEY NEVER STOP THINKING ABOUT APPEARANCES."

Canned Service

TELEPHONE subscribers in Paris are now told, "The number you ask for has been changed; consult the telephone book," by means of a machine which is partly phonograph and partly loudspeaker. You can picture the result if the telephone operators see fit to augment the collection of records to relieve the tedium of a switchboard. For instance, the following scene:

SUBSCRIBER: I want Charleston 8888.

PHONOGRAPH (*in the middle of a record*): "Charleston, hey-hey! Hey-hey!"

SUBSCRIBER: Yes, please. (*After a few bars*) I'm waiting.

PHONOGRAPH: "My dear, the world is waiting for the sunrise."

SUBSCRIBER: Yeah? And what do you think I'm waiting for?

PHONOGRAPH: "Just a little love, a little kiss—"

SUBSCRIBER (*blushing prettily*): Pretty fresh, aren't you?

PHONOGRAPH: Consult the telephone book.

SUBSCRIBER: What for?

PHONOGRAPH: "Not for just an hour, not for just a day—"

SUBSCRIBER: Come on, cut out the fooling and give me my party.

PHONOGRAPH: "Too many parties and too many pals—"

SUBSCRIBER: Now, look here, operator, cut out this fooling or I'll report you to the manager and see that you get fired.

PHONOGRAPH (*sweetly and softly*): "I'm sorry, dear, so sorry, dear...." (*As this is a very sad song, the subscriber breaks down and weeps; the salt tears cause a short circuit and the subscriber is electrocuted.*)

Henry William Hanemann.

The Final Rejection

SORRY," replied the junk man, as he surveyed the humorist's bale of rejected jokes, "but we can't use your stuff just now as we're overstocked with waste paper. However, you may be able to dispose of it elsewhere!"

HE: Dress your best to-night, my dear, because after the theatre we're going to a tough night club.



The Gay Nineties

EVERY YOUNG GIRL IN THE NINETIES WENT THROUGH THE ART STAGE, JUST AS SHE WENT THROUGH MEASLES AND WHOOPING COUGH. BUT INSTEAD OF LEAVING HER WITH IMPAIRED EYESIGHT OR FALLING HAIR, THE MALADY LEFT THE HOUSEHOLD HOPELESSLY BURDENED WITH A HETEROGENEOUS COLLECTION OF CIGAR-BAND ASH-TRAYS, BERIBBONED HAND-PAINTED PIN CUSHIONS, SCENIC FIRE SHOVELS, GILDED ROLLING PINS, COPIES OF GIBSON DRAWINGS AND ELABORATE BURNT-LEATHER PILLOWS. OH, THOSE WERE THE ARTY DAYS.

The Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

I have your wire saying you would be in town a half-hour Saturday on your way from camp to college, and I am getting this off right away, hoping to catch you in time to ask you to arrange your plans if possible to let me have forty-five minutes.

I have not seen you since you were thirteen years old; and while I do not want to be queer and seem to be running this parenthood business

out, I should like very much to really see what you are like at eighteen. Your mother wrote to me from Genoa last week that when she saw you the summer you were sixteen you looked very much like her side of the house. However, I hope you will not get it into your head that this would make any difference in my affection for you.

We will need about thirty minutes at the bank to fix you up for the year and then we can have a whole

quarter of an hour in my club. What do you say? Remember the Christmas you spent with me when you were ten?

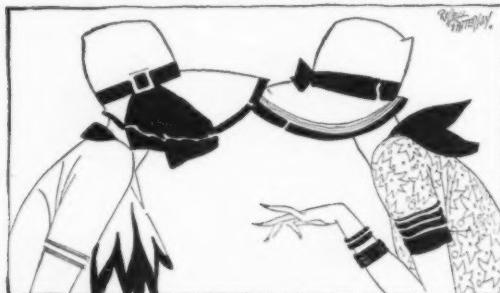
Your affectionate

FATHER.

McCready Huston.

A Dull Prospect

HE: Will you marry me?
SHE: If you can't think of anything more exciting.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

"MY dear, I don't care WHAT you say—Coolidge may be a perfectly SPLENDID President and everything but I simply ABOMINATE his nose—I mean I think it's the MOST obnoxious thing I've ever seen—I HONESTLY do! And I simply LOATHE the way he speaks over the RADIO because he has a TWANG exactly like a boy I used to know who simply used to drive me FRANTIC because he had such an OBNOXIOUS twang, my dear, and he was always PAWING me, which I simply detest, and I used to tell him so and of COURSE it didn't make the SLIGHTEST difference—I mean it never DOES with those kind of people because they're simply POISONOUS and everything and I mean I ABSOLUTELY can't stand them because they simply INSIST on PAWING you, my dear, in the MOST obnoxious manner. Well, I mean COOLIDGE always makes me think of that OBNOXIOUS boy I used to know and I mean his EXPRESSION simply SLAYS me, my dear, because he always LOOKS as if he'd been eating QUANTITIES of sour PICKLES or something all the TIME. I mean I think he ought to have his FACE lifted or something because, honestly, my dear, I think it's TOO repulsive for words—I mean I ACTUALLY do and I mean I think they ought to choose really good-LOOKING Presidents that have really CULTURED voices and things like the PRINCE of Wales and anyways I think we would be simply HEAPS better off with a FRIGHTFULLY good-looking KING or something than with a PRESIDENT effect with a simply OBNOXIOUS nose like COOLIDGE, my dear—I mean I ACTUALLY do!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Misleading

PATRON: Pardon me, but is this a drug store?

PROPRIETOR: Sure—doesn't it look like one?

PATRON: Yes, sir, it does. That's what had me puzzled.

IN the old days, we remember, all the equipment necessary for a sports program at the Sunday School picnic was a chip on the other fellow's shoulder.



The Chef: JUST ONE QUESTION BEFORE WE ARE MARRIED, MY DEAR—CAN YOU COOK?

A Point of Etiquette

MAYME strolled down by the laughing little meadow brook one hot, lazy summer afternoon. Feeling the lure of the rippling water, and the stream at this point being well screened with bushes, she divested herself of her clothing and soon was splashing about in a crystal pool.

Her pink and white body gleamed in the cool green of the waters; she seemed the very spirit of the pool—some shy creature born of the spell of the sunny afternoon.

She swam a few strokes and grounded on the sandy bottom. She stood knee-deep in the clear water and, catching great handfuls of it, threw it high in the air.

"Ah, September Morn!" said a laughing voice.

Startled, she looked up and saw a tall, well-dressed young fellow eyeing her from the bank. Her splashing had drowned the sound of his approach.

Seeing that he was obviously a member of the upper classes—possibly a clubman—she blushed furiously. Mayme was embarrassed—horribly embarrassed. She had been neglecting her books of etiquette shamefully of late, and now she was puzzled.

SHOULD SHE ASK HIM IN?

Blaine C. Bigler.

After the First Few

HOST (*plaintively*): No one believes me when I tell 'em this is genuine pre-war stuff.

FUZZLED FRIEND: Well, old dear, I'll believe you—in fact, I wouldn't be surprised if this was the stuff that started the war.

Exercises

DONALD'S music teacher had advised him to practice while on his vacation. His postcard read: "There is no piano where we are staying, so I went and bought a mouth-organ."

AT the present price of liquor, beggars can't be boozers.



"SHE SAVED THE LAST SHOT FOR HERSELF!"



"MY GRACIOUS, HAR'L'D, JES' LISTEN TO HER! THEY'D OUGHT TO HAVE GIRL CADDIES FOR WOMEN LIKE THAT."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July 27th Up betimes all agog to look at the barometer which my sister-in-law Dot did send me, it being a little Swiss cottage from whose door two children emerge if the weather is to be fair, and an old witch if it is to be foul, and so accurate hath it been thus far in its prognostications that I do think seriously of getting one for the man whose business it is to write the weather reports for the papers, for then his predictions would be more reliable. Lord! I do pray that his forecasting of another heat wave be unfounded, for I did suffer such discomfort during the torrid days of last week that I should gladly have promised to live a more godly and upright life in the future if such renunciation would have guaranteed a drop in the thermometer. It was in the midst of that period that Effie Goings and I, conversing foolishly as to the definition of a gentlewoman, decided that her top-line characteristic would be a determined attempt to draw on a pair of kid gloves on a day when the

mercury registered above ninety degrees. Marge Boothby to luncheon with me, but she would have nought of the luscious eggs Aurore and salad which I had provided, bawling instead for an undressed tomato and a thin slice of gluten toast, and stating that she has again grown so

(Continued on page 28)

New Verses for Old *The Lover to His Lass*

WINE is red,
I am blue,
Liquor comes high
And so do you.
Fishback.

TACHER: Is there anything that hibernates in the summer?
TOMMY: Santa Claus!



The American Scene

"THESE DETOURS ARE A NUISANCE."
"YES, THEY ARE MAKING US MISS ALL THE BEST BILLBOARDS."



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE suggestion recently advanced on this page of LIFE that Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania, was no more than politically dry seems to have been mistaken. Information that seems good comes out of Pennsylvania that he is dry by conviction and believes in it.

Another mistake is also interesting, if indeed it was a mistake. Having said that Protestants rejected the real presence, we are told that the Lutherans do not reject it because Luther never did so.

WHEN one's table is cluttered up with things unfinished or quite undone, things competing for attention and perhaps not any of them worth it, and when time presses and life seems more than usually to be vanity, the disposition comes to go and sit at a new desk with nothing on it, and start afresh. One would think the Ruler of this world would feel so about Earth, cluttered up with such absurdities, muddling so, filled with controversies and blindness, and all about things as to which the truth is not necessarily obscure. Perhaps the All-Wise is amused with us, and that may be why we are kept along instead of having our mundane habitation hit something and dissolve into sparks.

These reflections proceed considerably out of contemplation of the troubles in Mexico, if one should really call them troubles and not rather regard them as necessary processes of instruction. It is no great trick to make people live orderly. It can be done if one has

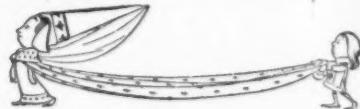
power enough, and definite standards of order, and sufficient means of persuasion or correction to handle persons who violate them. It is not very hard to do that, but when you have done it you have not accomplished anything valuable, whereas to raise a people who can blunder along, come up out of their own knowledge of right and wrong and so learn wisdom, is true progress, and it is that method apparently that the Almighty prefers to have followed in this world. If a people ordered, shaped, policed and directed by priests, and turned into the invisible world marked "correct," is pleasing to the Almighty, it is news. History does not seem to say so.



ALL the current rows with churches are in the direction of free will and against authority. The row in Mexico is a fight for power. No doubt it is an irrepressible conflict. Certainly it has been proceeding off and on for centuries. The Government says that the mind of Mexico shall not be shaped and directed from Italy. It does not appear that President Calles is anti-Christian. He does not show and probably has not in him the anti-Christian sentiment that is so strong in the Russian Communists. Who then is going to win in Mexico, Calles or the Roman Catholic Church?

When things come to such a crisis as now in Mexico, argument is of very little value. The great facts of actual current life make themselves felt more truthfully than facts

of history. General Calles apparently represents a group that can give pretty good government to Mexico. The Roman Catholic Church can do its share in giving it good religion. In the end they will both probably continue to discharge their respective duties.



THE leading lady politician in this world at this time landed in Boston on August 2, came ashore with four children and reluctantly by persuasion of reporters made a few observations.

She said that the English would pay their debts and that though it was a pity that they were expected to pay so much more than any one else, yet in the end they would not lose by it.

She also said that the enforcement of Prohibition was a step in the right direction on which she was sure America will never go back.

Probably it won't. It is unlikely that these States will be again what they were before the Prohibition Amendment was passed, but it is probable that that wild animal Prohibition will be domesticated so that he will be safer to live with than at present. If humanity is coming to a much more spiritual condition, so that the demands of our bodies will be better handled than heretofore, use of intoxicants will doubtless diminish, but less by the action of prohibitory laws than from the increase of intelligence in drinkers and the development of life on its spiritual side.

There is now about as much visible chance to repeal the 18th Amendment as there is to repeal the Ten Commandments, but laws are not much unless people accept them. Some of the Commandments are not now accepted except by Jews and Moslems. General Calles in Mexico is trying to enforce the Constitution of Juarez. The Catholics would nullify it. In the end they will both probably get along with it and with one another. So the Wets and the Drys will get along with the 18th Amendment and with one another. That is, they will if the All-Wise does not get tired of us altogether and conclude that it would save time to make a new world and start afresh.

E. S. Martin.

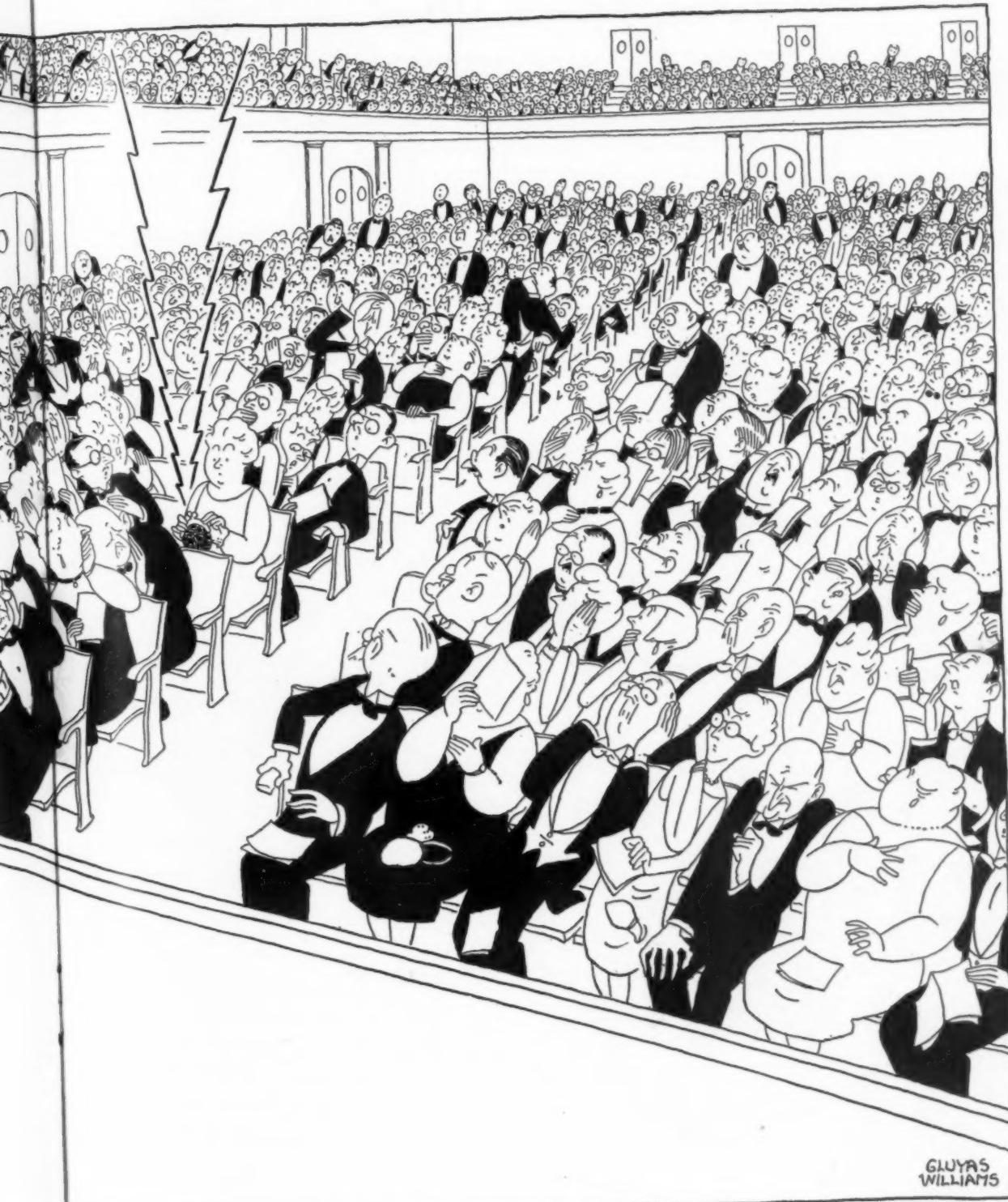


"Let's see - what was it I was going to do when I got into politics?"



The Woman Who Snapped Her

Life



opped Her Purse During a Pianissimo

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—This is a play by George Kelly, which is to say, "Don't miss it."

The Great God Brown. *Klaw*—This is a play by Eugene O'Neill, which is to say, "Don't let on to anybody that you have missed it."

The House of Usher. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Nothing to come to town from the country for.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—The high lights in the career of a colored *file de joie*, ending up very badly for her. Lenore Ulric at her best, aided by Henry Hull.

Pyramids. *George M. Cohan's*—To be reviewed later.

Sex. *Daly's*—You all know about sex by now.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—This space reserved for screaming and cutting out paper-dolls.

At Mrs. Beam's. *Guild*—High excitement in a London boarding-house, involving amusing moments.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Three middle-aged ladies in amorous excitation—if you think that's funny.

Honest Liars. *Sam H. Harris*—Probably not worth your while.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—All right.

My Country. *Chanin's*—To be reviewed later.

No More Women. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—The old Barrie favorite, made even more favorite by Helen Hayes.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—To be reviewed later.

Garrick Gaieties. *Garrick*—The Juniors of the Theatre Guild in a smart frolic.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Catchy music and a pleasant show, with Puck and White.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—A big show, with certain physical features.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—Sullivan's best music (said with no desire to start a controversy) and Gilbert's best satire (see above).

Kitty's Kisses. *Playhouse*—Dancing and that's all.

Nic-Nax of 1926. *Cort*—To be reviewed later.

A Night in Paris. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A rejuvenated Century Roof show.

Passions of 1926. *Shubert*—English comedians and American stepping combined to advantage.

Scandals of 1926. *Apollo*—George White has outdone himself. This year the cast includes Ann Pennington, Willie Howard, Harry Richman and Tom Patricola.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Still hanging high, what with Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue, Mary Hay, Clifton Webb and the rest.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Considerable high-class singing.

Ziegfeld Revue. *Globe*—A good show, with James Barton, Rae Dooley, Andrew Tombes and a bevy of you-knows.

The Truth Is Out!

THE following is gleaned from an editorial on free speech in that modest journal, the *Saturday Evening Post*:

"Impeach as we may the motives or character of the adventurous spirits responsible for the French and Russian revolutions, yet there is more than a suspicion that their bloody and tyrannous strangle-holds came about partly because of the previous régimes of suppression as well as corruption."

Which just goes to show that you can't keep a secret, even from the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

STRANGER: Is this a wet or a dry town?

CITIZEN: Can't say exactly; we have the worst features of both.



"I SEE BE TH' PAPERS THAT LONG HAIR IS IN AGAIN!"
"WELL, IT'S GLAD I AM THAT I DIDN'T RUSH OUT WITH THE NINNIES AN'
HAVE mine SHINGLED!"



Equity for Critics

WHY, in all this welter of agreements and contracts that are binding managers' associations to playwrights' associations and to actors' associations, is there no provision made for the critics? Why haven't we an agreement with the playwrights? Or with the managers? Or with the carriage-starters? Anybody?

Granted that critics are parasites. Granted that they don't dress for openings, or, if they do, that they shouldn't have. Granted that they have nothing to do with the success or failure of a play. Nevertheless, there they are. They didn't *ask* to be born, did they?



WE submit the following rough draft of an agreement between the managers and critics as a topic for discussion between two committees, the meetings to be held on board the *Majestic*, and, if a compromise has not been arrived at by the time Cherbourg is reached, additional debates to be held in the Directors' Room at Zelli's in Paris.

The managers agree:

(1) To produce no more native South Sea Island plays (this includes Hawaii and other island possessions of the U. S.) for a period of three years. Exceptions may be made, provided the play does not involve a native girl who speaks broken American slang, or a white man who has gone to the devil through the native drink, "heelahola."

(2) To wait until September, 1930, before producing another crook play in which the crooks are shown to be just big-hearted boys and their girls plucky little heroines. This might almost be extended to prohibit any play in which such underworld jargon as "beat it" and "squeal" is used.

(This should not be construed by any East Side gangsters to mean that we are not in sympathy with crooks. Some of our best friends are crooks, and we are hiding two from the police this very minute under our bed. It is simply that we are tired of seeing plays about them. Honestly, that's all we meant.)

(3) To put on no symbolic plays unless the manager himself knows what they mean. (This is a trick clause, as it will practically eliminate symbolic plays.)

(4) To put on no sex plays if the manager himself *does* know what they mean.

(5) To promise to forget Michael Arlen and to send back his letters and jewelry.



THE critics, on their part, will agree

(1) To sit through at least two acts of a play before writing a notice of it.

(2) To furbish up a little before attending an opening, even if it is only to get a shine.

(3) To phrase favorable notices in short, pithy sentences, suitable for use in advertisements. (Some thoughtful critics do this already.)

(4) To sleep during a performance with one hand covering the face, so that paying patrons will not detect it.

(5) Not to congregate in the lobby between the acts, making wise-cracks about the show.



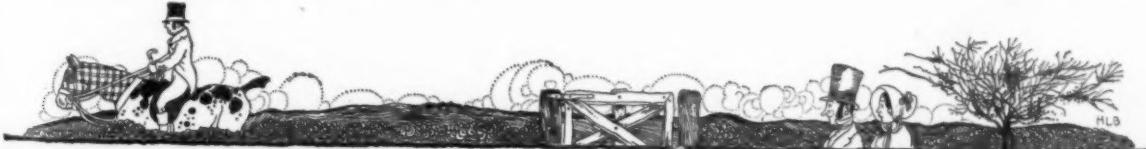
THE above clauses would hold in any contract entered into with the playwrights, with the following amendments:

(1) The playwright agrees that, since he is writing for the theatre, he will write something that can be *acted*. If it is an essay or a treatise that he has written, he promises to send it to the book-reviewers.

(2) The playwright agrees not to have any important exposition occur in his play during the first fifteen minutes. Critics' taxis are often held up.

The critic in return agrees to study just as hard as he possibly can, and work evenings after the theatre, in an attempt to master the intricacies of the English language.

Robert Benchley.



Life and Letters

ONE of the leading reactions to E. Barrington's "The Exquisite Perdita" (*Dodd, Mead*) is the wish that more novels would be written against the background of that most delightful of centuries, the Eighteenth. The remarkable spirit of research which underlies all of Mrs. Barrington's fiction was indeed happily guided when it led her to the rich lore of the period afforded by its brisk diarists and letter-writers and allowed her to fashion for us the romance of the beautiful Mrs. Robinson and the current Prince of Wales. This, as our closer students of history know,

was the brilliant, short-lived affair between the leading lady of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's theatre and that "first gentleman of Europe" who was later to be George IV. Sheridan, his lovely wife (the original of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "St. Cecilia," but a fine woman notwithstanding), David Garrick, Fox, and other luminosities of the period figure in the action, and the point of what our academic Mr. Benchley might call the dialogue's "dirty-cracks" is not blunted by the "Sirs" and "Madams" with which it is so politely interspersed. I take the gist of Mrs. Barrington's story to be that her

matchless heroine came a cropper through the preponderance in her natural endowment of sweetness over light. Gentlemen prefer blondes, and in her sequel to the book which that statement titles Miss Anita Loos explains why: "Brunettes not only have feelings, but they let them go." Not only did poor Perdita pine upon occasion, but she could never say, "On with the dance!" as if she meant it. She was, in short, just a good woman gone wrong.

The amazing sentimentality of the times comes out on almost every page, and what substance or stability, really, could be looked for in a society wherein strong men could burst into tears over the recitation of a Shenstone ballad or a maudlin platitude, and then turn around the next minute and kick the dogs? It is interesting, too, to note how well gentlemen could do themselves on claret, topped off by a little port, in those days. And as for Perdita's having such a serving-woman as Mrs. Armstead about her day in and night out without sensing the treachery in her personality—well, as I said before, gentlemen prefer blondes, and that may be the reason why Sir Joshua Reynolds appears to differ with Mrs. Barrington on the color of Perdita's hair.

THE best way I can convey my impression of Miss Fannie Hurst's writings is to state my conviction that if she were a cook there would be too much gravy with the duck and, unless she stopped to think, mayonnaise instead of French dressing on the salad. There would be shells too frequently in the omelettes and nut bread, and disastrous attempts to use maidenhair fern or smilax as garnitures instead of the more humble, and suitable, parsley or water cress. And what flights of fancy would be hers with pie crust and cake icing! But she would always have twenty possible menus on the tip of her tongue when appealed to by her employer, would never object to the number of breakfast trays, and would be possessed of

(Continued on page 32)



Customer: I WANT A GOOD, SNAPPY, INEXPENSIVE NOVEL.

Clerk: WELL—WE HAVE "HER SURRENDER," AND IT'S ONLY SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY. YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT, CAN YOU?

"NO—THAT'S CERTAINLY DIRT CHEAP."

Sempiternal Feminine

THE thunder roared loud over Eden;

"Twas the voice of the Lord
in the wind,

And Adam stood silent, his head
bowed in shame,
Naked and silent he stood in his
shame,

While the Voice sternly spoke,
"You have sinned!"

The clouds gathered dark over Eden,

And Paradise drew to its close;
Then Adam gazed sadly on all he
had lost,

While Eve paused to powder her
nose.

The tumbril rolled slowly through
Paris,

And a queen sadly rode through
the crowd.

Harshly they mocked her, reviled
her and jeered,

But with queen-like demeanor she
smiled as they jeered,

And looked down on them, scorn-
ful and proud.

Bravely she mounted the scaffold;
Above her the guillotine rose.

As the angry blade trembled, all
ready to fall,

Marie paused to powder her nose.

Thus has it been through the ages;
Vanity makes them all kin.

Jezebel, Phryne, Elizabeth, Eve,
Fair ones and ugly, all daughters of
Eve,

Sisters alike to their skin.
And so to the end of the story,

When the trump of the Judgment
Day blows,

Ere the last woman rises to glory
She will pause till she powders
her nose.

Newman Levy.

Contagion

KATY, aged seven, had just heard
of the new baby in the neighbor-
hood and was anxious to go to the
hospital to see it. They told her she
might see the baby but not its moth-
er.

"Oh," said Katy, "I guess it's just
as well—I might catch it."

MOTHER: Aren't you ashamed
of yourself—coming home half-
intoxicated?

YVONNE: Yes, Mother, but Tom
carries such a little flask.



UP TO HER NECK IN WORK

That Is All I Ask

I AM absolutely sure she wears
them.

I am confident that no metal can
touch me.

I do not doubt that it is good to
the last drop.

I am certain that a few cents make
a whale of a difference.

I am willing to bet my last dollar
that it floats.

I am thoroughly convinced that it
is time to retire.

I realize the necessity of keeping
that schoolgirl complexion.

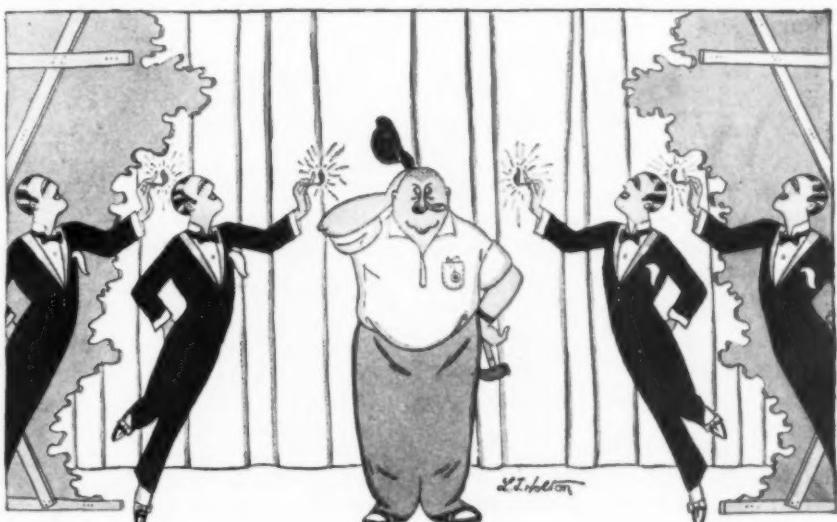
But I am now near the end of my
auto trip and I would like to see a
little scenery.

Lawson Paynter.

No Proxies

GLADYS: Are you married?

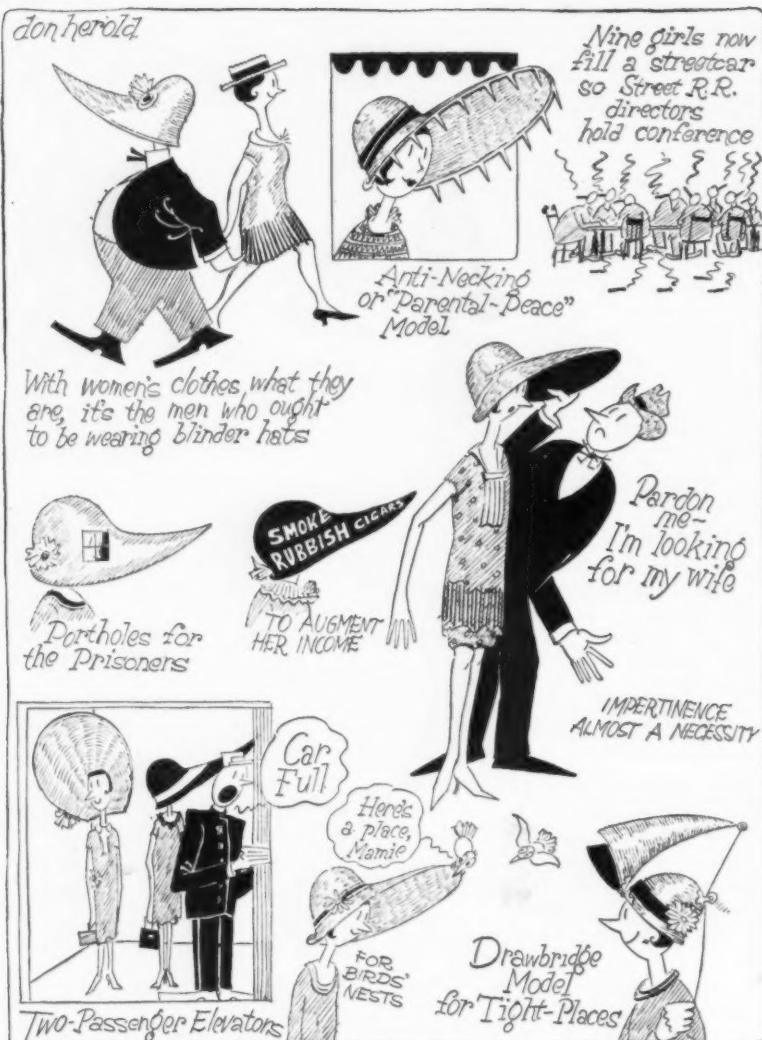
ROBERT: No, I make all my
own mistakes!



Back Stage

THE SCENE SHIFTER ASKS THE CHORUS BOYS FOR A LIGHT.

Life



Those Scoopy Hats the Girls Are Wearing

Stern Necessity

"WE have simply got to charge more," said the president of the great Illinois public utility. "I can see no way out of it."

"But why?" demanded the man who bought the utility's gas and electricity.

"We need the money."

"But you're paying seven per cent. dividends now."

"I know. But we need more money."

"You have a nice surplus."

"Yes, but it's not enough."

"Do you have to finance improvements?"

"Well, not exactly."

"You're paying your operating expenses, aren't you?"

"Well, yes, we are doing that." "Then what in the world do you need more money for?"

"Well, you see, there's another senatorial election coming."

John C. Emery.

Eggville Item

AS he stepped from Isman's drug store last night after purchasing an elaborate new safety razor outfit, Amos Whidby was brutally attacked by an unknown person. Lem Watkins, local barber, is being held on suspicion.



Mopsy: WAS HE ON HIS KNEES WHEN HE PROPOSED?

Flopsy: NO, INDEED—I WAS ON THEM.

From a Club Chair

DIVORCE never would have spread without woman's approval; but, then, they had to do something to make marriage more alluring.

* * *

In the war of the sexes woman gains her greatest victories by surrendering.

* * *

Man adapts himself to his environment; woman adapts the environment to her.

* * *

Woman was once a thing of man's idle moments. She remedied that by becoming so expensive that he could afford no idle moments.

James Kevin McGuinness.

The Perfect Artist

ONCE upon a time there was an actor who always made his own private life conform to that of the character he was playing. He played a drunkard, so he took to drink. He played a lover and fell in love. To play a fond father he acquired children. To play an affectionate son he adopted some parents. While he was playing a lunatic he took care to live in a street where they were riveting. And when he played a betrayed husband, his wife very kindly helped him out.

Geoffrey Kerr.

Dangerous Times

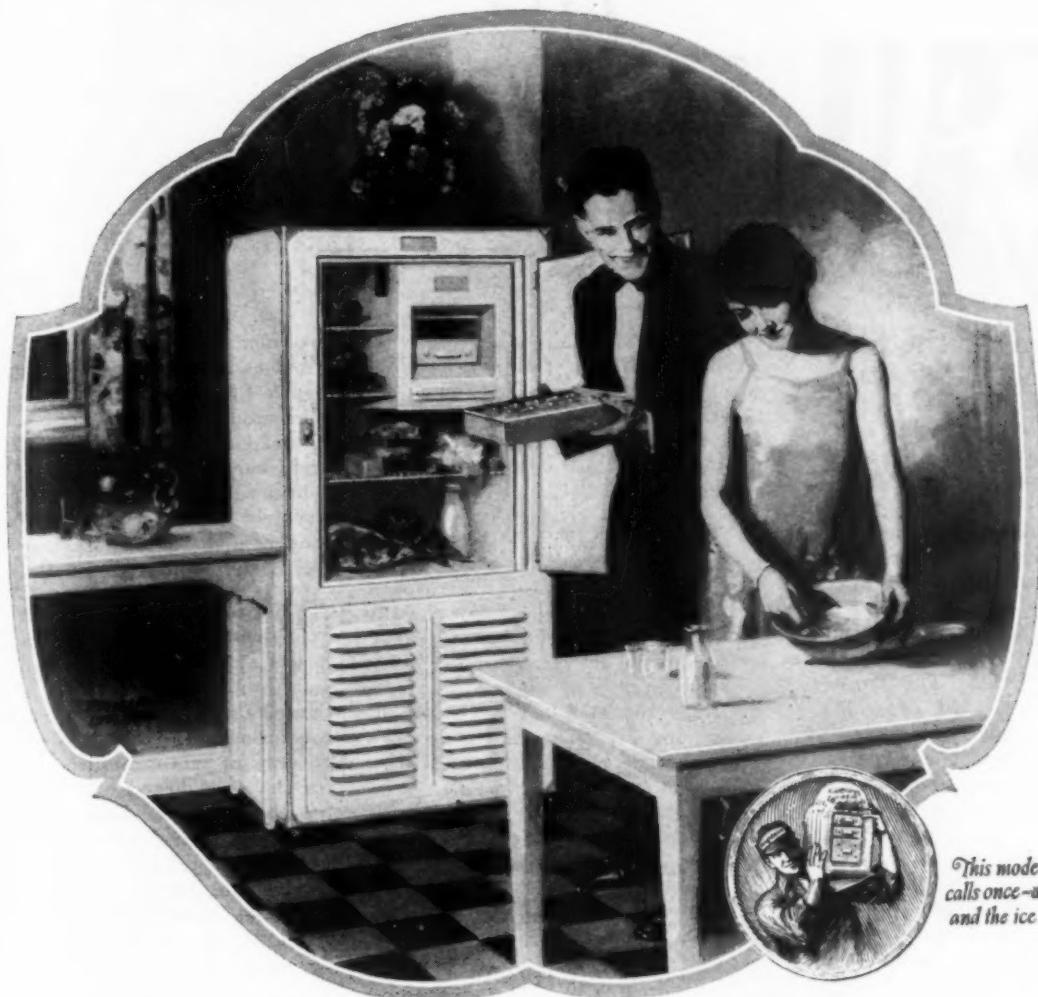
YAP: Jack has been arrested for reckless driving.

SAP: What! The first thing you know they'll be arresting people for drinking.

THE greatest evil that lives after any man is his pet story.

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Frigidaire is *Economical* Refrigeration

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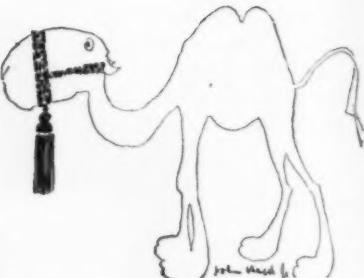
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Life



THE SILENT DRAMA

"The Son of the Sheik"

THE vogue for celluloid sequels is spreading. We have seen Douglas Fairbanks as *Zorro* and as *Don Q*, the son of *Zorro*. Now Rudolph Valentino is perceptible as the offspring of that celebrated character, the Sheik, whose title has become a byword in every American home. Before long, we may expect "The Rebirth of a Nation," "The Miracle Man's Nephew," "The Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse," and "The Uncovered Wagon," in the last of which we shall see the descendants of *Will Banion* traveling from Oregon to Florida in a fleet of Fords.

"The Son of the Sheik" is a considerable improvement on its distinguished predecessor. For one thing, it is a far better job pictorially—and for another thing, it has that exquisite representative of Central Europe, Vilma Banky, to augment the belligerent Rudy. Miss Banky is a really adroit actress, although that fact is of complete unimportance to

her legion of admirers (of whom the undersigned is merely one).

Like "Don Q," "The Son of the Sheik" resorts to a flash-back to its parent picture, with Agnes Ayres returning from Limbo to play her former and still inconspicuous rôle.

"The Wise Guy"

A PICTURE called "The Wise Guy" comes perilously close to greatness—the same sort of greatness that made "The Miracle Man" worthy to be remembered.

It is the story of a crook who abandons his phony medicine show to take up the safest and most profitable con-game of all—evangelism. Together with a hula dancer, a fugitive thief, a confidence man and a pair of pickpockets, he tours the rural districts, holding revival meetings, saving souls and squeezing the boobs. Ultimately, he attains to a gorgeous tabernacle in a big city, where the pickings are rich beyond belief.

This unusual and exceptionally

muscular story was written by Jules Furthman; the picture is directed by Frank Lloyd, and played by James Kirkwood, Betty Compson, Mary Astor, George Marion, Mary Carr and George Cooper. To all of these, considerable credit is due—but particularly to Mr. Furthman, for the idea behind "The Wise Guy" is a legitimately fine conception.

OF COURSE, "The Wise Guy" doesn't hold up to the pace that it sets at the start. No movie could go through with such heretical thoughts and follow them to a logical conclusion. Instead, it dissolves in an orgy of sentimentality; it goes in for the same brand of insincere uplift that, in its earlier reels, it so effectively satirized.

Furthermore, as I saw the picture, it was badly scarred after a battle with the New York censors, and much of its vitality was probably exhausted in that brawl.

NEVERTHELESS, "The Wise Guy" is worth seeing. It is the movies' first attempt to venture on that dangerous ground which is now being explored and charted by H. L. Mencken.

Warning!

TO those who have read my enthusiastic comments on "Variety," and who may possibly nourish a desire to see this remarkable picture, I issue solemn warning, as follows:

I have been advised that a special edition of "Variety" has been prepared for that large district known as "the sticks" (i. e., any locality beyond the moist boundaries of Manhattan Island). In this version, two reels of the film are missing, and with them has gone most of the story's dramatic punch.

Perhaps these alterations do much to promote "Variety" as an example of clean fun, but they certainly don't increase its value as a work of art.

R. E. Sherwood.



Playing Safe

Mr. Schultz (of Milwaukee): MAMMA, LISSEN—sprecht nur Deutsch, und MIT DISS MAKE-UP DESE PARIS FOLKS VILL TINK VE ARE CHERMANS!



Howard Watches are
priced from \$60. upward
The price of the model
illustrated in 14 Karat-
Solid Gold Case is \$100



Nothing can ever reduce the cost of the infinite, personal care and skill that are needed to maintain the character and life-long precision of the Howard Watch. But the confidence the Howard gives its owner is a satisfaction well worth the investment.

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Riverside, New Jersey

The HOWARD Watch

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



A FRENCH VIEW OF THE AMERICAN ABROAD.
—*L'Œuvre* (Paris).

Getting the Fever

A MANAGER putting on a mystery play persuaded the precinct captain to send him a detail of police every night. At first they were ill at ease, but later in the week it was noticed that the patrolmen were shooting searching looks, while the sergeant in charge pointed with his baton and worked in various bits of "business."

At the end of the week the captain came around and said:

"I am always glad to be of service, but please don't put on any more mystery plays."

"Why not?"

"Some of my cops are beginning to think they can act."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Exclusiveness

A MAN who gave himself up for violating his parole was refused admission to Auburn Prison. One can hear the prideful keeper telling him:

"Go get a rep before you try to break in here!"

—*Morning Telegraph-Running Horse*.

Vanishments

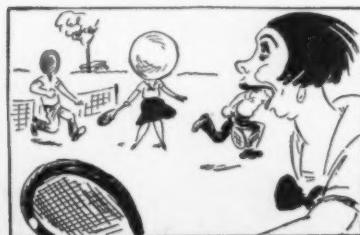
"WHERE do the flies go in winter?"

"Hard question! I haven't yet found out what becomes of the Florida real-estate booms in summer."

—*Washington Star*.

We know of but one thing that depreciates more rapidly than a motor car, and that is a high-school annual.

—*Larned Tiller and Toiler*.



SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT A TENNIS MATCH
—*Söndagenisse-Strix* (Stockholm).

Revived

A BOOKSELLER had an "account rendered" returned to him with this reply scrawled across it: "Dear Sir,—I never ordered this beastly book. If I did, you didn't send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't.—Yours respectfully"—

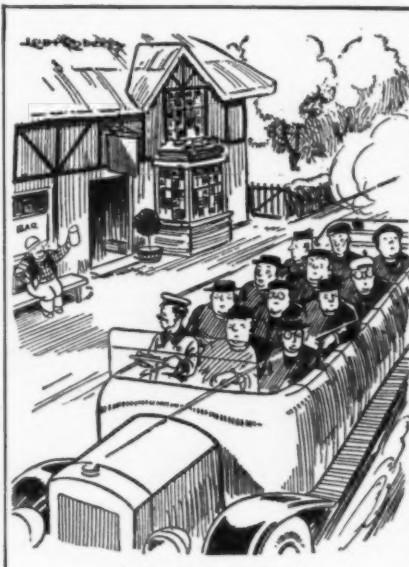
—*Putnam Book News*.

Efficiency in Given Names

FROM the Albion (Mich.) *Recorder*: "Mrs. Claude Wolfe and infant son, R. F. D. 5, were discharged this morning." —*New York Herald Tribune*.

GIN laughs at padlocks.

—*Columbia (S. C.) State*.



A FAT LOT OF GOOD

—*Gaiety* (London).

Bigger and Better Programs

NOTE on the amusements of a democracy, gleaned from the illustrious New York *American*:

"Phantom, a horse, is scheduled to neigh a greeting through the microphone of WOR within the near future."

—*American Mercury*.

Domestic Rites

THE OLD SPINSTER: Has the canary had its bath yet?

THE MAID (*under notice*): Yes, mum. You can come in now!

—*Sketch Book & Printers' Pie* (London).

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Who commanded the sun to stand still?

ARCHIE: Mussolini.—*Allston Recorder*.

RECIPE for success: Begin at the bottom and wake up.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

"HEY—YOU IDIOT! I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!
IT'S 1-999."

—*Le Miroir des Sports* (Paris).



"SO YOU'RE OFF TO CENTRAL AMERICA? ON
A MISSION, NO DOUBT?"

"NO—WE'RE GOING TO LEARN THE
CHARLESTON."

—*Le Monde Illustré* (Paris).

They Don't Call It a Bath

DOCTOR: Sambro, I can think of but one thing that will cure you and that is an electric bath.

SAMBO: Naw, suh, doctah, yo' ain't talkin' to dis here nigger. I had a frien' what took one of them things down in Sing Sing an' it drowned him!

—*Science and Invention*.

New Discoveries

"My husband appreciates me more than he used to."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, you see, he went to an intelligence office to hire a girl, and in describing me to her he impressed himself with a lot of my good qualities he hadn't noticed before."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Power of Words

A LITERARY critic says that a few beautiful words spoken aloud can cause a surge of joy in the heart of the listener. For instance, when the dentist says, "Now rinse your mouth out with this."

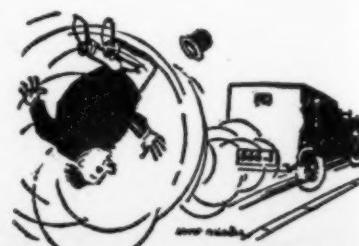
—*Punch*.

THE JUDGE: You are hereby sentenced to thirty days as a pedestrian.

RECKLESS AUTOIST: Good heavens, Judge, do you want to murder me?

—*Collier's*.

"LET'S see," said Methuselah, who was trying to recall a date, "that was just after I had celebrated my fourth sesquicentennial."—*Detroit News*.



A Roman Holiday

A TALKATIVE child was disturbing the audience in a movie theatre while the screen was showing a photoplay based on the burning of Rome.

"Who is 'at man'?" she insisted.

"That is Nero," the mother whispered. "Doris, do be quiet."

"What is he doing?"

"He is playing the fiddle."

"What is that burning in the park?"

"Hush, dear; those are martyrs."

There was silence for a few moments; then the youngster created a small-sized commotion when she insisted vociferously:

"Mamma, are all martyrs inflammable?"—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Nothing's Impossible

SAM was an old Southern darkey whose amiability would never permit him to acknowledge a thing could not be done, even though he was utterly at a loss as to procedure. He was called by a tenant in the flat where he was janitor to examine a leaky pipe. "Now, I could find that leak," he said, scratching a bewildered head, then added in a burst of inspiration, "ef I could jest locate it."

—*Indianapolis News*.



*The Girl: HELLO. NELLIE SPEAKING;
WHO IS THIS?*

Voice: LUDWIG, SWEETHEART.

"WHO? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU."

*"LUDWIG—L FOR LUDWIG, U FOR ULRICH,
D FOR DIETRICH, W FOR WILLIAM, I FOR
IGNATZ, G FOR GEORGE—"*

*"BUT, DEAREST, JUST WHICH ONE OF THE
SIX ARE YOU?"*

—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich).*

Model Young Men

A YOUNG woman wished to receive instructions in driving a motor car, and telephoned an automobile association to learn if it could give her lessons.

"We don't give them here," said a male voice, "but call up the Y. M. C. A."

"Are they good?" she asked.

"Madam," came the voice in outraged moral tones, "it's the Y. M. C. A!"

—*Argonaut.*

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Alida digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Ending in "Haha"

THEY want a new name for night club. Surely there must be some Indian name which means Little-Place-Where-There-Is-a-Terrific-Lot-of-Noise-and-Where-100-Persons-Dance-in-an-Area-of-Ten-Square-Feet-and-Where-Mineral-Water-Costs-\$1-a-Pint.—*New York World*.

Troubles Never Come Singly

"You can take your finger off that leak now, Father."

"Thank Heaven! Is the plumber here at last?"

"No—the house is on fire!"—*Tit-Bits*.

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part, please have your local representative examine my trees and advise me as to their condition and needs.



Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 13)

concerned about her weight that she flushes guiltily when she reads on the bronze placard of an elevator that its capacity is limited to twelve or fifteen hundred pounds. I do doubt seriously if I myself can ever again go upon a regimen, having found out that my husband, poor wretch, when he was encouraging me by appearing to abstain also from fattening provender, did fill himself up daily with a good meal at the Racquet Club before coming home. Marge did tell me that the Searles' marvelous colored servant, Angie, has gone back to Kentucky, finding the work too onerous without the assistance of a kitchen maid or waitress, and telling Lucy Searles, apropos of serving the meals in courses, that there was "too much a-shiftin'" of the dishes for the fewness of the victuals." . . . This night to see a motion picture called "Variety," and I was especially astonished to learn from it that trapezists can keep such late hours and consume so much liquor without imperiling their lives at their profession.

July 28th A-talking all the early morning with Sam, he more audibly regretful than ever that he had not inherited a vast fortune which would make him a stranger to toil, and I must set down for myself that there are moments when it seems entirely unreasonable that some of my forbears did not invent lemonade straws or revolving doors or get in on the ground floor of the Standard Oil industry. It did come out during the course of our conversing that I have never read "Trilby," a fact which seemed to astonish Sam out of all proportion to its importance, for when I did ask him to recount the plot to me, I could not see wherein it possessed much charm or distinction, but Sam did swear that my apathy was due to his deficiencies as a raconteur, and did tell me that strong men had not only broken down and sobbed over the story when it was in its heyday, but had actually worn silver slippers in their lapels in tribute to its popularity. Lord! I wonder what he would do if he found out that my only acquaintance with "Alice in Wonderland" comes from hearsay. I do now mark in my husband another sign that he is not so young as he was, for several times he did say "a couple of years ago" when what he was speaking of had really occurred anywhere from six to ten years ago.

Baird Leonard.

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Why slow-up your drives with sand from the tee box?

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Reg.
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**Just stick it in
the turf and
s-h-o-o-t**

**Ask for Reddy Tees
by name. Play the
yellow or the red.
Both winners, both
"Reddy." One
Piece, and white
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HAVE you ever seen a tree? Hiked down a long, brown country road?

Felt the cool waters of a brook run over your bare feet?

Do you know what a *perfectly delightful* thing it is to dig for real live worms?

To catch *beautiful* grasshoppers? Have you ever tasted real country milk?

Slept in the open air?

Played Indian in a green field?

Do you know these things? Have you done these things?

Please raise your hands! There! Every one of you says, "Yes!" And I suppose you add, "What of it?"

Well, this of it—

There are hundreds, thousands of little needy children in the unspeakable slums of New York who *know nothing about these things!*

Horrible bedding hanging from dingy fire-escapes is the nearest approach to the waving branches of a tree that they see. Just imagine that!

These little boys and girls are very much the same kind of youngsters that we all were when we were eight—ten—twelve. Their tired little bodies and their undaunted souls long, with the poignant longing that only unhappy childhood knows, to go to that almost fabulous place called "the country!"

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Perhaps just at the moment you are wilted and weary with this frightful August heat. Please, then, feel a double compassion for the tenement children and send us more than Twenty Dollars. We can use thousands. If you're not as rich as Mr. Cresus to-day, don't let that stay the hand that signs the checks, because *anything*—from a dollar up—will be a huge help. We really mean that. We are in absolute need of money to maintain these Fresh Air Camps, and it is only through your generosity in sending us *anything you can spare* that the country and these pitiful youngsters of the slums can be brought together.

Please send us your contribution to-day.

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Comes to you with all its original
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Life

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 20)

twenty or thirty dollars to lend cheerfully when unexpected C.O.D. packages arrived. That gift of having acceptable menus on the tip of her tongue is alone worth a fortune to Miss Hurst. It surely must have won her the fifty-thousand-dollar prize which *Liberty* offered for the best novel by an American author and which she received for "Mannequin" (*Knopf*). It should not be forgotten, in this connection, that *Liberty* gave another prize contestant twenty-five thousand dollars for thinking up its name.

The plot of "Mannequin" is surefire. A charming, crowing baby stolen from its parents by a moronic nursemaid; reared in the squalor of the Lower East Side, with drunken longshoremen, drugs, and empty gin bottles to thicken the atmosphere; educated through the beneficence of Settlement Houses and, after the disappearance of her *Nana*, a Girls' Home; supported in her young womanhood by her own honest efforts as a salesgirl and later as a successful, but pure, mannequin; arrested for murder because of the apparently inexplicable death of a man who was forcing unwelcome attentions on her; jeopardized by her fiancé's newspaper articles on women's getting away with murder before the juries of this country, and finally haled—yes, you can believe it or not—before a judge who turns out to be her own father. And yet I read on to the finish. And so, I think, will you, if you can survive such locutions as "her eyes, which were blue but sort of smeared off, like rubbed crayon, into the whites" and "What if John should leave his bath water run over?" And such implications as that Tiffany glass and polychrome candlesticks are things of beauty of a Keatsian calibre. The human touch covers a multitude of misconceptions.

"SOUNDING BRASS," by Ethel Mannin (*Duffield*), is a novel which I can recommend without reservation as being worthy of its market price. It is the story of the rise in the advertising game of an insignificant creature with a thirst for money and power who began his career by robbing his dying grandmother of that portion of her savings which he thought might not be required for burying her. The young Englishwoman who wrote it knows thoroughly that branch of the business world which she has chosen for her setting, and has attempted, with some success, to show the effects of a jazz civilization on contemporary



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THE
GUMS

life. Her central figure deserves and gets no sympathy, but I should like to hear more in the future of Michael Murray, his delightful foil.

Baird Leonard.

SUGGESTED pet name for the Balkan States—The Katzenjammer Kids of Europe.

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